The Liberalist

Volume XXXVII MARCH, 1961 Number 12

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

VESTIGIA

Bliss Carman

I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marvelled how
God gives us Heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving Beauty be.
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

49th EASTER SEASON

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

PALM SUNDAY

In the Peoples Church

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

March 26 — 11 a.m. — "Hosanna Is Not Enough!"
March 26 — 7 p.m. — "Money Changers in Modern Temples"

HOLY WEEK

Erlanger Theatre—Loop (127 N. Clark St.)

12:10 noon.

Theme: "History's Finest Sermon"—"The Sermon on the Mount"
Monday, March 27 — "The Preacher"
Tuesday, March 28 — "The Occasion"
Wednesday, March 29 — "The Time"
Thursday, March 30 — "The Meaning"
Friday, March 31 — "The Result"

Peoples Church—941 Lawrence at Sheridan

8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, March 29 — "The Humanity of Jesus"
Thursday, March 30 — Communion Service — "The Sacrament of Memory"
Friday, March 31 — "The Sacrament of Suffering"

EASTER

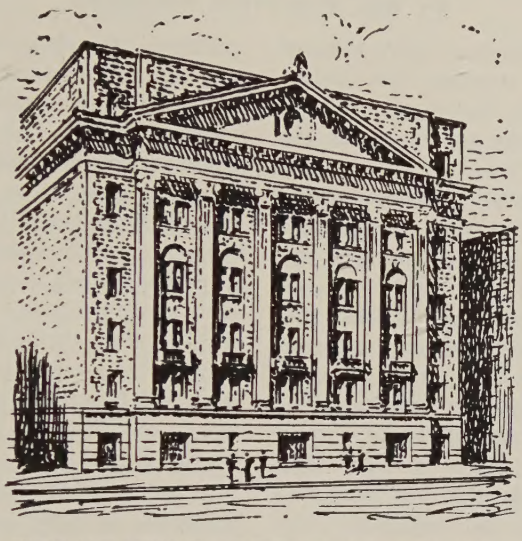
Peoples Church—941 Lawrence at Sheridan

Sunday, April 2

9:00 a.m. — "The Sunrise Never Failed."
(New members received and Christenings)
11:00 a.m. — "Easter, Forever!"
7:00 p.m. — "My Faith Grows Stronger"

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

11:00 a.m. — WLS — Sunday Morning Service
5:45 p.m. — WCFL — Sunday Vesper Broadcast
7:00 p.m. — WEBH-FM, 93.9 — Chicago Sunday Evening Forum
6:50 a.m. — WBKB-TV, Channel 7 — Daily, Mon. through Fri.
10:00 a.m. — WFMF-FM, 100.3 — Daily, Mon. through Fri.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

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Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday, 22nd January.

I DON'T suppose a minister should pay too much attention to the comments made to him after a sermon. There are many factors that enter into what a hearer may tell the minister. One must always learn to distinguish between flattery and honest comment; but it has been my experience that most people, when they come up to the minister after a sermon are quite sincere in what they say. I am convinced most of them mean it. Any any rate, I should dislike to think otherwise. Sometimes I wish more people would take the time to express their opinion to their minister.

The subject of the sermon this morning was "Are Your Feelings Hurt?" The finest comment I had after the sermon, and there were many, was from a gentleman whose opinion I respect very much. He said: "You know, Doctor, I felt this morning as though you were speaking to only me. I felt that you were talking to me alone. When I go and hear a man preach, which is seldom, because I don't have the opportunity, but I will say that every Sunday I am away from my own pulpit and not preaching somewhere else, I am attending some service. Every Sunday I am traveling I try to attend a service, and whenever I hear a man speak as though he were speaking directly to me, it leaves a lasting impression."

Perhaps that's what good preaching is. The preacher, first of all, must preach to himself, and if he preaches to himself, human nature being what it is, he cannot possibly avoid appealing intimately to the individual heart. Herein is the difference between a lecture and a sermon. It seems to me that the pulpit is the place for a sermon. At any rate, that's what I try to do in my work. My book lectures and Sunday evening lectures are quite different things from the Sunday morning sermon. I think there would be more people in the pews if there were fewer lecturers in the pulpit.

It seems to me from my observation on both sides of the Atlantic that the American people take more of a deep-seated interest in what's happening in their country and around the world than any other people. Our radio and TV coverage of interesting and important events attract great audiences. Our hundreds of daily newspapers go into the homes every night. There are lectures and discussions, forums and meetings being held continuously. Whenever two people get together there is a discussion of political or religious matters. I am not indicating that they do more thinking than other people, but they give every evidence of being deeply interested and concerned. This is always evident in our own work in the Peoples Church. Tonight I spoke at the Chicago Sunday Evening Forum of our Church on "President Kennedy—A Prophecy," and in spite of the zero weather, we had one of the largest audiences so far this winter. The question period was particularly stimulating and revealing.

It is always dangerous to prophesy and I am no prophet and perhaps it was presumptious for me to use such a subject. Nevertheless it was broadcast and recorded and it will be interesting for someone ten years from now to read over again—even myself.

The one thing June and I have been doing these Sunday evenings this Win-

ter has been to be sure and be in our own home in the Study by 9:30 in order to hear "The Valiant Years," the story of Winston Churchill. It is the most thrilling half hour to us of the whole television week and I express congratulations to Mr. Sterling Quinlan and to WBKB-TV for presenting this historical and accurate portrayal of the great years in the life of a great man. The episode tonight held us enthralled. I suppose some of our deep interest is the fact that we lived through it. I was in Europe when the First World War broke out in August, 1914, and I have lived through and in every great crisis and every war since that far-off date. To be a contemporary of the events and personalities portrayed adds deep interest.

It is well for a generation which did not share the historic events to see them as they were lived. It will give them, I hope, deeper appreciation of what has been accomplished and what must be preserved in spite of the dictators and enemies of freedom.

There is much justified criticism against television, but there are also some fine things which can be said as well.

I haven't seen any ratings of "The Valiant Years" program, but I hope it is having tremendous audiences.

Monday, 23rd January.

It was brought to my attention at the Board of Directors Meeting of the Chicago Public Library this afternoon that I have served on the Board of Directors of our great library longer than any member of the Board in the history of the library. I had not given it very much thought, but I have been a member of the Board of Directors of the Library and chairman of the Library Committee for over 30 years. I am also the oldest member of the Board in age. No member of the Public Library Board receives any compensation whatever for their services. My own compensation for the 30 years' work up to date is two notebooks and two lead pencils, but the joy of serving is compensation enough, for our public library is now one of the greatest libraries in the world. I can get more positions which have no compensation attached than almost anyone I know. I have been a charter member of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations since its beginning, and that, too, is a labor of love. Even though the positions pay no salary the personnel of these boards is as high and in many, many instances of much higher calibre than that of boards where the members are highly paid. Some of the finest people I have ever known I have met in my library and Commission on Human Relations activities.

Tuesday, 24th January.

There is only one experience which I am having these days that always brings me a tinge of heartache. All the rest of my work I love and I try to do it with zest and all the vitality I possess, but as the years come on I find increasingly the inevitable visitor, death, removes some very old and long-time friends and fellow workers. I had such an experience this afternoon. One of the many fine families identified with our church for more than forty years was Mr. and Mrs. William Slack. Mr. Slack was a member of our building committee and was most faithful in his efforts to help in our building program. They were dear and close friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson. Without the love, advice and encouragement of Mr. C. K. Anderson, who was a member of our Board of Trustees, and chairman of our Building Committee, I am convinced our church never would have had its own home. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have long since passed and

we dedicated the church hall in his honor and memory. And now, this afternoon I conducted the funeral service for one of the last of that period—Mrs. William Slack. I visited there often in these last two years of illness and the last few months were sad indeed, for the last few times when I visited she did not know me; and so another link with those years has gone. Death is no more powerful than we permit it to be and no grave was ever dug deep enough to bury the memory of a beautiful love or a noble friendship.

Wednesday, 25th January.

There is only one word which I can think of applying to Peter Ustinof, and that is the word "genius." I know the word frequently is used with no respect for its true meaning, but as applied to Peter Ustinof I am convinced it is used correctly. I have watched his career for a long time and have had the opportunity of seeing him play in the theatre. I have seen his performances on television. I have listened to his interviews on various programs; and I met him at one luncheon given to him here in Chicago by the Chicago Drama League. There was one field, however, in spite of his rather diversified activities, which he had never entered and that was the field of the novelist. He had written many articles, some of which were published in the Atlantic Monthly; he had written plays and played in them—"Romanof and Juliet" was one of his own creation; but he had never written a full length book, so you can imagine how thrilled I was when there came to my desk his first novel, called "The Loser." I started reading it immediately. I felt that it possessed one of the necessary qualifications for a great novel. Most people think a great novel must have a great plot. That is not true. There have been many great novels with poor plots, but there has never been a great novel without great characterization. Some of the finest fictional writing I have ever read is found in this novel. I was so impressed with it, that tonight I lectured on it in the regular Wednesday evening book lecture. It is near zero tonight, one of the coldest nights of the winter, and I was fearful for the attendance. The lecture was given in Anderson Hall and to my surprise every seat was taken and it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the entire book lecture season.

Thursday, 26th January.

The ninth season of our January Thursday-noon lectures at the Chicago Public Library was concluded today when I spoke on "The Power of Poetry." In spite of the cold and bad weather, each Thursday noon Memorial Hall has been more than filled at every lecture. It certainly is inspiring to know that so many people in the middle of the day will come to listen to a talk on poetry. And speaking of poetry, I recall reading that when Mrs. Lincoln was asked what Abraham Lincoln's religion was, she replied "It's a kind of poetry."

Friday, 27th January.

One of the pleasant results of my giving the anniversary address to the Waukegan YMCA last evening was the opportunity for renewing my friendship with the well-known Waukegan attorney and Lincoln authority, Mr. Charles Mason. Years ago Mr. Mason used to come in to the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoon and hear the debates which I had with Clarence Darrow, Arthur Morrow Lewis and Prof. George Burman Foster and others, who were members of the Workers' University Society. Those were the great days for Forums and

debates. Every Sunday afternoon the Garrick Theatre would be filled with people listening to debates and lectures on all sorts of subjects. Now there are very few forums left and no public debates on religion or philosophy taking place.

Charles Mason is one of the most interesting men I know and is one of the best story tellers I ever heard. He was former States Attorney of Lake County and is one of the best known citizens of Northern Illinois. One of his major interests has always been the study of the life of Abraham Lincoln. On two occasions he has spoken on Lincoln before the Men's Club of the Peoples Church and always with universal acceptance and interest.

Last night after my lecture in Waukegan we renewed our long and continuing friendship.

Mrs. Bradley and I saw "At the Drop of the Hat" tonight at the Blackstone Theatre. Two men—Donald Swann and Michael Flanders—one at the piano, and one, a victim of polio and in a wheel-chair, presented a whole evening's entertainment—and entertainment it was, of the highest order. We had never heard or seen anything quite like it. It is wholly unlike the traditional trend of American comedy or American theatre. The participants received their first success in London. All the material which was used was their own composition. They have been playing to capacity audiences here for a month. There wasn't a vacant seat in the theatre tonight.

Saturday, 28th January.

One of the pleasant things which every minister does is the performance of the wedding ceremony. I have had three weddings today and one of them was the wedding of two very dear friends. Franklin MacCormick, probably the best-known voice in Chicago radio and who is on the air over WGN every night from midnight to dawn, has appeared with me on many programs during the year. This afternoon I performed the wedding ceremony of Mr. MacCormick and the charming Barbara Carlson. The wedding was performed in my Study and it gave me an opportunity to express to both of them my appreciation for their friendship and what they have meant during the years. Franklin MacCormick has the highest rating in Chicago radio for the hours in which he is on the air, and to hear him is to understand why. I know of no one in American radio who can read poetry more expressively than Franklin MacCormick, and I felt greatly honored when they invited me to solemnize their wedding.

Sunday, 29th January.

The near-zero weather continues, but we go right on with the work of the day and closed the day by seeing another episode of "The Valiant Years", the documentary on the life of Winston Churchill.

I think every minister has a justified feeling of elation and encouragement when people overcome adverse weather conditions to attend services, and particularly when both the services are broadcast. It is so much easier to stay home and be comfortable than it is to face the weather and attend in person. Even though both of our services on Sunday are broadcast, the attendance was most inspiring, and when we have such beautiful services as we had today I go to bed and fall asleep much more easily on Sunday evening.

Monday, 30th January.

Well, they say everyone is a frustrated actor. If this is true, my frustration has been temporarily overcome at least, for tonight I read the part of

Mr. Trotter, one of the critics in Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," which was given by the Chicago Shaw Society in the Happy Medium Theatre. I never expected to be in a part on the stage, but Mr. Elmer Gertz, the president of the Society and one of Chicago's most distinguished lawyers, who is tremendously interested in Shaw, inveigled me into reading the part of Mr. Trotter. I haven't heard or read of any unusual enthusiasm about my acting ability. I think the theatre will survive without me, but it was an interesting experience and I enjoyed meeting the other players. I do not think "Fanny's First Play" is the best Shaw play by any means, nor did Mr. Shaw think so. The thing that bothered me most was speaking into a darkened theatre. I couldn't see the people and it's the people who inspire me when I am speaking, but I suppose that was due to lack of experience with a darkened auditorium. Anyhow, I am glad it's over, for it gave me considerable anxiety. Coming as it did, after preaching three funeral sermons, I had to change swiftly my emotions.

This afternoon I had the funeral service for Mr. Irwin W. Neubauer, the husband and father of one of the finest families in my church. His death was without a moment's warning and I have been trying to comfort the family ever since it occurred.

Tuesday, 31st January.

The whole country and the world is all excited about the high-jacking of the "Santa Maria." Nothing like this has ever occurred in the history of the sea. There have always been pirates, but their activities were confined to much smaller ships and with no passengers involved. This is an astounding action and one which challenges the imagination. Almost hourly reports are being given on the radio and television, and what the end will be one cannot conjecture tonight. It seems to me that back of it all is a political situation, but we are so accustomed to the intrigue of political relations, I suppose nothing ought to surprise us any more. My only thought is for the safety of those aboard the "Santa Maria."

Wednesday, 1st February.

Of all the wide variety of aspects under which I speak and lecture, as I go about the country, meetings of associations of commerce are usually the most vital and enthusiastic, whether it is the regular Chamber of Commerce, or that fine group of young men called the Junior Association of Commerce. I address both of these groups frequently and tonight, in LaSalle, Illinois, I returned to the Annual Dinner of the Chamber of Commerce after an absence of seven years, which led me to a little research on my work and I was happy to discover that 85% of my engagements during the year are repeat engagements. Through this one meets friends whose friendship is renewed and deepened annually. It is 125 miles down to LaSalle from Chicago and I drove down after a funeral this afternoon and drove back again tonight after the banquet. I never have driven an automobile in my life and am fortunate in having a driver who, with his wife, has been in our home for the past fourteen years. Mr. Ray Landmark makes these trips, where I have to drive, comfortable and safe and I rest well while making them.

Thursday, 2nd February.

For more than two hours today I faced a microphone in a studio alone and succeeded in cutting six radio programs to be used on the regular Sunday afternoon 5:45 Vesper program on station WCFL. I was anxious to get

this done because I am going to be away for three Sundays soon and I want this and all my other programs to go on uninterruptedly so that, in my absence, there will be no change in the radio and television work on WBKB-TV or WFMF.

Friday, 3rd February.

I cut ten more programs this afternoon for WFMF. This is a daily program at 10 o'clock in the morning. Audiences always do something to me and I find myself in quite a different atmosphere in sitting alone in a studio and facing a microphone. This is why I am always deeply appreciative when I hear from radio and TV listeners. When you have worked alone in a studio, hearing from those to whom you are speaking is the only way you have of knowing whether you are accomplishing anything or not. My radio mail is unusually heavy and it is a great source of inspiration to me and I appreicate and read every letter.

Saturday, 4th February.

What a week it has been. One of the busiest of the winter. I have had six funerals this week, two weddings, an interview on the Phil Lind program on WAIT at 10:15 this morning, and by the time Saturday evening comes I am quite ready for a quiet evening in my Study, planning for Sunday. I have made it almost an inviolate rule of my life never to accept an engagement on Saturday evening. How ministers can go out socially or for any other purpose on Saturday evenings, who face the work of Sunday, is more than I can understand, and I have never done it. I like to go into the pulpit on Sunday morning fresh and buoyant and not tired and exhausted.

Sunday, 5th February.

For many years during the month of February I have preached a biographical series of sermons. This year I am taking contemporary people, and gave the first one this morning, on Dr. Tom Dooley — and what an interesting morning it was. Then this afternoon at 1:00 o'clock, for the ninth consecutive year I was invited to give the address for the Annual Sillfrukost, which is universally known as The Herring Breakfast, and presented by the Swedish Club of Chicago. It originated in Viking feast days when the Vikings traveled long distances to their families to attend christenings, birthdays and other celebrations, and all brought food. The land of the midnight sun, Birch Springs Lake, beautiful old cities, provided inspiration for the smorgasbord as we know it today.

I always look forward to this event. We have a great many Swedish people in our church and a great many Swedish friends throughout the city. This year the occasion was saddened by the lack of the gracious presence of Mr. C. Hilding Anderson who for many years was the toast master of the Herring breakfast and always introduced me. Judge Daniel A. Roberts gave, just before I spoke, a beautiful tribute to Mr. Anderson and I supplemented it in my opening remarks.

* * *

We are all looking forward to the Easter season in the church and plans have already been made and subjects chosen. In this issue of the Liberalist you will read the Easter program. I hope it will be possible for you to attend the Holy Week services held every noon at the Erlanger theatre and all of the Holy Week services in the church.

Palm Sunday and Easter are always great days with us and I look forward to them with most pleasant anticipation.

Keep looking up!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

YOU may say "I do not go to this church or that church, and therefore this great Lenten Season of the church has no meaning for me." But it does mean something to you; more than you can possibly realize or I can possibly say. Our nation needs a Lenten Season. All the United Nations in this agonizing moment need a Lenten Season. From the President of the United States to the humblest citizen of our nation, there is need for us all to enter with humility, with introspection, self-examination, devotion, sacrifice, into the spirit of this hour. This situation must be met by cooperation and understanding, and how we meet it will depend on the kind of people we are, and the kind of people we are will depend upon what we put first in our loyalties and in our lives. Selfishness and greed, intolerance and hatred of others, bickerings and fault-findings, criticisms and condemnations, all these things undermine, weaken and destroy.

The Lenten Season is in opposition to these ignoble attitudes. Lent means the accumulation of spiritual energy; Lent means the increase of our sensitiveness to the needs of others; Lent means moments of devotion and consecration and dedication. Lent means the cleansing of the dross; it is the separating of the wheat and the chaff. Lent means developing sufficient strength so that any emergency, any situation, any crisis, any difficulty, any problem of life can be met triumphantly and victoriously. Lent means devotion to the highest and best we know. Lent means staying in the presence of the superlative, the excellent, the good, the true, the beautiful. Lent means putting all dependence upon an eternal truth. Lent means the deepening of the foundations under this nation. Lent does not belong to any group, to any sect, to any creed, to any church. It is a principle as universal as God himself, and the practice of it means the building of those powers which will withstand every storm and tempest that may arise here or anywhere in the world.

The greatest and bravest men and women of human history have been the men and women who cultivated a dependence for their strength and power on the eternal. All else is shifting sand and miry clay.

"ARE YOUR FEELINGS HURT?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
January 22, 1961

THAT great writer, Charles Kingsley, who wrote so many lovely, beautiful things, was the minister of a little village church in England, a very humble little place, but his influence reached out with a radiation that touched the whole civilized world. Charles Kingsley used to get up in his pulpit on a Sunday morning in this little village where he knew everybody (he could call every member of the fifty or sixty in his congregation by their first names and had been rubbing elbows with them all week long and they were all gathered in the little village church) and Charles Kingsley used to get up in the pulpit, lean over it and in a very relaxed sort of way, look into their faces. His first sentence was always this: "Well, my friends and neighbors, here we are again, to find out what's happened to you and to me since last we met here!" Then he would go on in a friendly, intimate, conversational, effective, powerful way, to deal with the souls of men! It was great preaching! It was preaching at its highest and best!

I wish I could go to each one of you this morning in the congregation just start over here and go right down the whole congregation, all up the mezzanine, everywhere in the church, even into the choir loft! You know, of all the people in a church the touchiest people in it are the musicians and the choir. They used to say if the devil ever got into church he always got in through the choir! But we don't have that difficulty here in this church. But if I could go to each one of you and say: "Did you ever have your feelings hurt? Were you ever wounded real deeply down inside because of what somebody said to you or said about you, or you felt you were neglected or overlooked or, above all, that you weren't appreciated?" That's one of the most common: "I'm not appreciated! They don't appreciate me in that club! They don't appreciate me in that church! They don't appreciate me in that business! I'm not appreciated!", and so we go on from there and develop a lot of hurt feelings and we're crushed becaused somebody said something, somebody doesn't appreciate us, and we have a terrible time! Now that's a universal condition. I don't believe there's a person in the church this morning or a person listening who hasn't had their feelings hurt! I know I have! If I were to tell you how many times my feelings have been hurt we would be here until tomorrow morning! I've gone through this experience with all of you, and I wanted to think a little about it this morning and see what is the best way to meet that condition.

I want to treat it first, in these first few minutes, negatively. I want to treat it from the reality that there are some people so constituted, physically and emotionally, that they just love to hurt people! I think I know people like that! I don't know many of them, thank God, but I think I know a few, who just seem to get an inner deep sense of, oh, of happiness, that they can hurt somebody! They're negative people, and they're difficult people! They're pathetic people! I have a deep sense of pity for people like that! They are personally never happier than when they've made someone else un-

comfortable, and if they can say something or do something or emanate or project something that will make someone else miserable, they just beam! Do you know somebody like that? I do! Not many, but I do! If they're a part of anything they're always a negative part! They're like the old farmer that my father used to know way back yonder in the days on the farm. I remember one day my father took us for a buggy ride. You don't know what a buggy is! I'd have to explain to most of you what a horse is! But we would take a buggy ride, and I remember one beautiful autumn day, a most perfect day, cloudless sky, that lovely warmth of the autumn as though nature was reluctantly saying goodbye and introducing us to the cold of the winter, my father stopped in front of a farm and the farmer was walking along in the field and my father shouted out to him: "Joe, it's a beautiful day, isn't it?" and Joe said: "Yes, it's a beautiful day, but it's a weather breeder!" Then he looked at the crops and never such beautiful crops—the corn was much more than knee high, it was way up to an elephant's eye, and father said: "My, that's a good crop of corn you've got there, Joe! That's the best crop of corn, I think, around here!", and Joe shouted out "Oh yes, Bob, it's a good crop of corn, but it's awful hard on the soil!" He was just a negative person. Now there are people like that about everything! About everything! And the tragedy of course about negative people who enjoy hurting others is that they're sick! They are psychically ill! They are a case for a psychiatrist! When a person deliberately enjoys inflicting sorrow or agony upon another person and they get personal enjoyment out of it, they are physically ill! If you enjoy seeing another cringe; if you enjoy seeing someone in deep trouble; if you feel comfortable when someone else is fighting desperately to make life beautiful; if you enjoy seeing someone fail, and can glory in their failure, you're sick! You had better go see a good psychiatrist! If you enjoy writing a letter that you know will bring agony and heartache—you're sick, you're ill! That is a sign of inner emotional conflict, and the first sign of a breaking up of a personality is an inner uncontrollable conflict in that character, and they're sick!

Of course one of the ways we hurt people very deeply is when we talk about them in an unkindly manner. There are three questions I'd like to have you ask yourself when you are critical and attack someone. First—Do you know it to be true? And the next question is: Need it be said, even if it is true? That's the second question to ask when you're already to rip and tear somebody apart: Need it be said? And the third and final question is, and this, in a way, is most important of all: Will it hurt them? Before you're tempted to tear down somebody and to hurt their feelings, before you're tempted to do that, just ask yourselves those three questions: Is it true? Is it necessary? Will it hurt?

Oh, the scars on the hearts and souls of people because someone hurt them! To me the very test of Christianity is not in its creeds, not in its dogmas, not whether you believe in this theory of theology or in that—the very heart and soul and test of Christianity is to be found in how much you embrace the spirit of love! That's the test of Christianity, and if you haven't that love in your heart you can belong to all the churches in Chicago: Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish; you can shout from the housetops until they hear you in Milwaukee: "I believe this! I be-

lieve that!", but if you haven't love and consideration in your heart you will come under the category of the one who faced the Keeper of the Gates: "Lord, we have cast out devils in Thy name; we have done this in Thy name; we have done and said this in Thy name!", and then we will hear the voice: "Depart from Me! I never knew you!" The test of Christianity is love and our unwillingness to hurt and scar anything! In these cold hours I saw a little dog this morning, all but frozen and hungry, and were it not for the time element involved I would have taken that dog in my arms on my way to this church! I couldn't. But somewhere that dog is freezing and hungry! The birds in these cold hours are hungry. And love in the hearts of men is the answer. There isn't any other! It's not in creeds; it's not in shouting what you believe. It's love that makes the world go 'round; it's love that's the real test of Christianity! Christ understood that! 'Twas the very soul of Him, the very heart of Him: He dined with Publicans and sinners; He understood the lost woman; He understood a broken life; but it was not His creed nor His theory that did it and so the woman said: "If I could but touch the hem of His garment I will be made whole!" "So many gods; so many creeds; so many paths that wind and wind, when just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs!"

* * *

Infinite and eternal truth, may each of our hearts and minds on this cold, cold morning be warmed by the presence of love. May we be kind this week. May we withhold the unkind word, the criticism. Might we be more kind!

BOOK CHATS

HAVING recently read what Kyle Crichton had to say about Thomas Wolfe in *Total Recoil*, I was interested to discover that Mabel Wolfe Wheaton, sister of Thomas Wolfe, and Legette Blythe have written *Thomas Wolfe and His Family*, published by Doubleday, which was just published in January. Looking in on the whole family through Mabel's homey, reminiscent talk about them, getting their feelings about Tom and his feelings about them; knowing what a closely-knit, loving family they were, and the truth about some of the things which may have been misjudged because of some of Thomas Wolfe's colorful writings which often included members of the family, — getting the whole family history right up to the sad, tragic death of their brother Tom — this is the result of Mabel's notes and the material which she gathered together. It is a bit like getting under the skin of an artist to become acquainted with his struggles to release himself of the overflow of his spirit which will not let him rest until he has unburdened his soul of it. Mabel is "wordy" like Tom, interrupts herself to go back and bring the reader up to date on some incident injected into the conversation, but, all in all, we are willing to stay with her and get the full Wolfe flavor of the life of this great soul who died too young, and struggled so hard; who was to the last faithful to his inner urge and convictions. To understand one strange artist better is to be

more understanding and appreciative of them all.

Mabel passed on in 1958 and it had been her lifelong ambition to reveal the truth about the rest of her family and to show there were others that mattered. She makes Papa Wolfe a very forceful, lovable, dramatic character; Mama Wolfe one who could always be relied on in any circumstance, whether in the realm of finances, food or emotions. The book takes the older generation back to their younger days and, because Mabel Wolfe Wheaton kept a priceless daybook of things big and small which happened in the life of the large Wolfe family, we are treated to many of the comic, tragic and triumphant happenings, intimate and personal glimpses of this lively and altogether interesting, close-knit, and loving family.

* * *

For something light and fantastic, silly and comic, and a theme which I have never before found in a book, *The Wax Foundation* by Gwen Davenport fits that description. A simple soul (yet with an unfulfilled desire to help mankind), Mrs. Evalina Wagner had left an enormous fortune to provide "workships" for selected applicants to develop their ideas for benefiting humanity. She had a nephew who had waited on her, "hand and foot" for years, yet she left him merely a salary as the Director of this Foundation. He is conscientious in his task, though somewhat befuddled by it, and finds himself surrounded by a queer mixture of people with just as peculiar ideas for helping humanity: — a naval officer with a universal-time plan; a college professor imbued with the idea of a universal language (which seemed the most sane idea of them all); a religious fanatic, visualizing "God's Town" (shades of Aimee Semple McPherson); a twelve-year-old "quiz kid" type, Euclid for children; a big, good-hearted Texan who brought with him a bison and two trained chimpanzees to prove his "animocracy" theory of training certain animals to do many of the jobs performed by humans.

All these idea people are to be housed in the Wagner house, on the Wagner estate, suffer the cooking of the inherited Wagner cook, the lack of proper heating in the old home, and put up with a few rules as to the running of the household, leave unoccupied a couple of very desirable rooms which are kept intact as memorials to the departed Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, submit to her ideas of non-alcoholic-beverages only, in the home. The nephew, before he had heard the particulars of the will and naturally supposing that he, as the only heir would have access to much wealth, had supplied the cellar with wines of expensive and ancient vintage, which he later on has to pay for "through the nose" in small installments, and cannot drink within the confines of the estate. There are some enormous lizards in the orchid house, which are to be maintained out of $1,000 each left in the will, the nephew to inherit the share of each lizard upon its death, but they are long-lived. These had been brought from the tropics by the Wagners on one of their journeys.

There is a pleasing secretary, and eventually, as the idea-people change from time to time, the "workships" running for three months only in most cases, whereupon a new applicant is accepted, there comes to the home a personable married woman with some ideas for educating young people for marriage. No married people may bring the husband or wife along, as the case may be. This makes for problems and

complications, especially in the case of the genial Texan, which he solves in his own way.

One feels grateful that the whole "workships" idea and the Wax Foundation prove entirely unworkable toward the end of the book, though interesting light is thrown on these people who devote their lives to one idea. One is grateful because eventually, through his carrying out of his Aunt's will, the nephew, Aaron Wagner, does meet a very companionable woman of middle years, who is an expert on food and cookery, a wonderful home-maker; the secretary is saved from marrying the wrong man, and the bad cook resigns.

Rather than have any restrictions on his personal life, Aaron declares he will forfeit the inheritance, but we feel sure from his lawyer's closing remark to his secretary, that Aaron is the one and only inheritor and that there will be ways of living out his life without Evalina Wagner pulling all the strings.

* * *

A stupendous biographical novel is on the way, to be published March 15th, which we will tell you about in the April number.

ANNUAL ART SHOW AND LECTURES

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY—IN MARCH

In the Randolph Street Corridor of the Chicago Public Labrary during the month of March, will be shown the 15th Annual Exhibition of Editorial and Advertising Art, sponsored by the Artists Guild of Chicago.

Every Thursday noon during March the following demonstration lectures will be given at 12:15:

March 2—George Suyeoka—"Woodcuts"
March 9—George McVicker—"Portrait Painting"
March 16—Irving Titel—"Non-Objective Painting"
March 23—Edgar Miller—"Sculpture"
March 30—Dale Maxey—"Humorous Illustration"

These free lecture-demonstrations will be held in the Assembly hall of the Central Library, 2nd Floor, Randolph St. side of the building.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE other evening I wished to read something inspirational before going to sleep and reached for the book *Channing Day by Day,* edited by Jose Chapiro. The book contains Thoughts for Each Day, selected from the writings of William Ellery Channing, of whom Longfellow said "Channing! Thy words are great and bold." I chanced to open the book at a page which has no title, but gives a very humane and interesting explanation of how it is that all men are equal. I decided to share it with our readers:

"It is freely granted that there are innumerable diversities among men; but be it remembered, they are ordained to bind men together, and not to subdue one to the other; ordained to

give means and occasions of mutual aid, and to carry forward each and all, so that the good of all is equally intended in this distribution of various gifts. Be it also remembered that these diversities among men are as nothing in comparison with the attributes in which they agree; and it is this which constitutes their essential quality. All men have the same rational nature and the same power of conscience, and all are equally made for indefinite improvement of these divine faculties, and for the happiness to be found in their virtuous use. Who, that comprehends these gifts, does not see that the diversities of the race vanish before them? Let it be added, that the natural advantages which distinguish one man from another, are so bestowed as to counterbalance one another, and bestowed without regard to rank or condition in life. Whoever surpasses in one endowment is inferior in others. Even genius, the greatest gift, is found in union with strange infirmities, and often places its possessors below ordinary men in the conduct of life. Great learning is often put to shame by the mother-wit and keen good sense of uneducated men. Nature, indeed, pays no heed to birth or condition in bestowing her favors. The noblest spirits sometimes grow up in the obscurest spheres. Thus equal are men."

I wonder if Nikita Khrushchev could appreciate or encompass the thought therein contained. Indeed, I wonder if anyone appreciates it fully until they have lived a long time and then they do not act always on their understanding of it. I am grateful that William Ellery Channing shared the thought with us.

On another page I read:

"It is more important that the individual should respect himself, and be respected by others, than that the wealth of both worlds should be accumulated on our shores. National wealth is not the end of society. It may exist where large classes are depressed and wronged. It may undermine a nation's spirit, institutions and independence. It can have no value and no sure foundation, until the supremacy of the rights of the individual is the first article of a nation's faith, and until reverence for them becomes the spirit of public men."

"There are times when the assertion of great principles is the best service a man can render society. The present is a moment of bewildering excitement, when men's minds are stormed and darkened by strong passions and fierce conflicts; and also a moment of absorbing worldliness, when the moral law is made to bow to expediency, and its high and strict requirements are denied, or dismissed as metaphysical abstractions or impracticable theories. At such a season, to utter great principles without passion, and in the spirit of unfeigned and universal good will, and to engrave them deeply and durably on men's minds, is to do more for the world than to open mines of wealth, or to frame the most successful schemes of policy."

I did not intend to quote more, until I read his idea of a Good Neighbor Policy. In the light of present day turmoil I could not resist copying it:

"It is of great and manifest importance . . . that we should give to foreign states no occasion or pretext for insinuating themselves into our affairs. For this end, we should maintain towards our sister republics a more liberal policy than was ever adopted by nation towards nation. We should strive to appease their eternal divisions, and to reconcile them to each other. We should even make sacrifices to build up their strength. Weak and divided,

they cannot but lean upon foreign support. No pains should be spared to prevent or allay the jealousies which the great superiority of this country is suited to awaken. By an opposite policy we shall favor foreign interference."

* * *

Last Sunday (I am writing this on February 16th) I read an article in the Sun-Times Midwest Magazine section on "Chicago's 'Unknown' Statue of Lincoln." It is the statue of Lincoln which was unveiled in Grant Park (northwest of the Buckingham Fountain, in a clump of trees) in 1926, nineteen years after the death of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who carved it. Saint-Gaudens had created the statue of Lincoln which is in Lincoln Park and it was unveiled in 1877. He had never been completely satisfied with the first monument and as he grew older the character of Lincoln fascinated him even more than it had in his youth. He determined to make this statue representative of the loneliness in which Lincoln found himself as President. It must be stronger, more realistic and less idealized than the first one. It is a symbol of his character rather than a portrait, and was considered by Saint-Gaudens as one of his greatest works.

It is difficult to photograph satisfactorily, according to Miriam Beck who wrote the article I refer to, and the photograph does not give the impression one gets on seeing the monument. I am calling attention to this article in case our readers did not see it, so that we may all be alerted to go and look at Saint-Gaudens' monument to Lincoln. When an artist himself considers it to be one of his greatest works, it is certainly worthy of our attention.

* * *

Rev. Waldemar Argow, Minister of The First Unitarian Church in Toledo, Ohio, sends his church calendar to Dr. Bradley, and I notice he is preaching a series on the various great religions of the world. In connection with the one on Buddhism, he quotes on last Sunday's calendar from the "Dhammapada," or "The Way of the Law":

"He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins . . . The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbor's faults like chaff, but his own faults he hides, as a cheat hides an unlucky cast of the die . . .

"There is no fire like passion; there is no evil like hatred; there is no pain like this bodily existence; there is no happiness higher than peace . . . Those who are attached to nothing, and hate nothing, have no fetters . . .

"A man who has learned little, grows old like an ox; his flesh grows, but his knowledge does not grow . . . Earnestness is the path of Nirvana, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already . . . The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandalwood, or of Tagara and Mallika flowers, but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place . . ."

* * *

Some of our readers heard and saw the performance at the "Happy Medium" Theatre in which Dr. Bradley took part by reading the lines of the part of a critic in Shaw's "Fanny's First Play." Those who did will appreciate the following letter on stationery of The Shaw Society of Chicago, which is the Chicago Chapter of the Shaw Society of America:

Dear Preston:

I regret that a pending case, which is keeping me busy day and night, has delayed me in sending these words of thanks to you.

I want to tell you how very much all of us enjoyed the performance of yourself and your colleagues in our production of "Fanny's First Play." I think it was one of the happiest productions that we have ever staged.

We look forward to a long association while we add to the gaiety of this community through performances of Shaw.

Thanks again and warmest regards.

Sincerely yours,
Elmer Gertz, President,
The Shaw Society of Chicago.

* * *

My dear Dr. Bradley:

I am so glad that I stayed at home from my church this morning, for I had the privilege of hearing one of the finest and truest sermons one could ever have heard. It was yours over WLS, and I am hoping that I may receive a copy, if this is possible.

Dear Dr. Bradley, I want you to know that you have been a light in the lives of my family—from the time you first came on radio, and through these many years. My dear mother and wonderful husband have passed on; my son has grown to manhood and now lives away from me in a world of his own. I live alone in my old home with my faithful dog-companion, and you have been a staff on which I can lean for trust and comfort. May God bless you and spare you long to this old world that needs you so sadly.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Charles Geyer.

(The sermon wanted is published in this issue.) And the letter enclosed an offering. Also this poem:

LET ME BE KIND

Let me be kind. The tenets of my creed
A secret rests between my God and me.
My faith is nondescript; suffice it be
Of scope and quality to fill my need.
I tread a wayward path; and here I plead
Guilty to some degree of every sin:
I mourn my losses some; gloat when I win,
And hold my share of avarice and greed.
I cannot love all mortals, nor indeed,
All things that God created; mortal mind
Is much too finite, mortal eyes too blind
To grasp all beauty or to pay it heed.
I can but strive a greater grace to find;
And this, please God, I can—I can be kind.

Glen Mathews, of Schiller P ark, Chicago and Birchwood, Wisconsin, sends the following interesting information:

Reverend Bradley:

The most concentrated group of churches I have ever seen is in Elgin. In a distance of approximately three or four blocks, I counted twelve. Making a note of their titles I found the following:

(1) Latter Day Saints. (2) Free Methodist. (3) Elgin Gospel Chapel. (4) First Universalist (seating capacity 240, attendance 40). (5) Evangelical Covenant. (6) First Bapist. (7) First Methodist. (8) First Evangelical United Brethren. (9) First Congregational. (10) Saint Paul's Evangelical and Reformed (attendance 9 a.m., over 200). (11) Church of the Redeemer, Episcopal. (12) And one defunct church serving as a meeting hall for the G.A.R.

May I suggest that in a few of your lectures, information regarding denominations, their organization and size—What are they? Why are they? be brought forth? I may be in the audience to hear.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My husband and I listened (as we always do) to your wonderful message, and so will do our best to help with the

"oil bill," by sending a dollar. What is interesting to me is that my good man, though a stroke victim, worked about ten hours with one hand, packaging nuts and bolts (he picked up and packaged 1120 pieces). For this he received 20c, so he did five boxes and got the $1. He is so happy he can do something, he is most willing to share in God's work by helping in this manner. We always keep you in our prayers and enjoy every Sunday.

Most sincerely,
Mrs. David Conert.

* * *

Many letters were received in response to Dr. Bradley's sermon on Dr. Tom Dooley. Among them the following:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for the very beautiful tribute you paid to my dear friend, the late Dr. Tom Dooley, in your sermon today. It was one of my blessings to have been counted among his close friends.

You may not remember, but I wrote you about Dr. Tom some years ago and asked if you could arrange to meet him in person when he was at Marshall Field's in Chicago, autographing copies of his first book. I had also written Tom and told him about you. I had a very good reason for wanting two of my favorite people to meet, but I never found out whether the meeting took place. Perhaps some day I'll have an opportunity to tell you how even you played an indirect part in the story of Dr. Tom Dooley.

After your sermon today, I sat in quiet thought and wondered what I could do in the service of God and man. Perhaps it was an overly-active imagination on my part, but it seemed that a "vibratory energy" took possession of me for a few minutes, and this was the result:

HIS REPLY

Give my life direction, Lord;
Where would you have me go?
Please speak into my heart and mind
That I might truly know
How I may use my gift of life
In service, Lord, to thee;
Where can I do my share to help
Uplift humanity?
I listened . . . but no answer came
Until some time had passed,
And then I heard an inner voice
Speak to my heart, at last:
"If you would serve me, child of mine,
You need not travel far . . .
Just practice love and kindness
And begin *right where you are.*"

Very sincerely,
Erma M. Konya

* * *

From Spring Lake, Michigan, came this dear little note from the 93-years-young lady whose name Dr. Bradley mentioned in his February 5th service:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As always your sermon was wonderful today, also the whole service and choir, which all inspires me, as it has since the first time I heard you, before we built our beautiful church. I want to thank you with my whole heart and soul for mentioning me with so much credit on my 93rd birthday. I was so surprised and overwhelmed I had to weep.

I will be here until May, but I am going to try and come to our church some nice Sunday in April. It is very cold here, around zero, and so much snow and ice.

I am enclosing my check. Wish I could make it much more, but like many old people, my finances are poor.

Best wishes to you and Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Harrison.

Yours sincerely,
Frances G. Lubeke.

* * *

Here is a note from a brave and courageous lady of 79.

Greetings to Preston Bradley:

I often attended your services in the Pantheon Theatre and later in the new church. I left the neighborhood in 1931. Now I am past 79 and still earning part of my living. Am pretty tired when Sunday comes, so I sit up in bed and listen to your most enjoyable service. Have owed this contribution to your church for a long time and it should be more, but I have four people on my list who are older or less fortunate than I am.

Some Sunday will you preach a sermon on my favorite Bible verse: "Better is an handful with quietness than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Ecclesiastes 4-6. I've worked for sixty years and I know.

Sincerely,

Isabel Ephlin.

Her letter is a fine lesson to us all: such a lovely spirit of gratitude and service!

* * *

We have had so many quotations and poems sent in this past month, perhaps because of the inspiration of Dr. Bradley's lectures on poetry at the Library, and the following inspired we think by Dr. Bradley's story of the woman who was disappointed in the abode she was given in Heaven:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

I thought you might be interested in this quotation from Bennett Cerf's latest book, "The Laugh's On Me."

"There once lived a rich merchant who had three friends. Two he esteemed particularly. The third he accepted with reservations. Accused of cheating on his taxes, the merchant was summoned to court. Naturally he wanted a character witness and went to the two friends he loved. One, however, refused flatly to go with him; the other volunteered to go only as far as the court gate. It was the friend he rated lowest who not only went with him willingly, but so ably defended him, that he was acquitted.

"In like manner every man has three friends when death summons him before his Creator: the one he loves most, his money, cannot go a single step. The second, his relatives and neighbors, can only go as far as the grave. It is his third friend, his good deeds and works, who goes with him before the Court and obtains for him his eternal reward."

Yours,

James D. Middleton.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of the Commission on Human Relations, I would like to thank you for your help with our Awards Luncheon. Many have told us that the luncheon was the best we have held. We feel your role as narrator of the Awards was responsible for its success.

Sincerely yours,

Ed (Edward Marciniak)

Executive Director.

* * *

Mr. Art O'Callaghan, of Evanston, wrote and enclosed some poetry:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

At the conclusion of your recent beautiful and very moving talk on poetry—Chicago Public Library Service—you closed with a most apt Gaelic benediction. This made me think of "An Irish Rhyme" (from the Gaelic) which appears in a little book of verse "The Grey Feet of the Wind."

"May springtime render skies of winter drear,
clear.
May every sorrow that might come nigh,
fly.
May you through life in ways of joy and
love, rove.
And may your seat in heaven where you sit,
fit."

I don't think it's on a par with the benediction you quoted, but it has a good punch line.

The author of the volume of poetry, Cathal O'Byrne, is a native of Belfast. He regarded himself as a "wandering minstrel," like the ancient Irish and Scotch bards, and while in and around Chicago during the 30's, gave song recitals and readings both in Gaelic and English. He always appeared on platforms arrayed in Irish kilts (Saffron). His book was published here—I have a copy—in 1928. Most of his poems have an Irish setting, but he was evidently somewhat impressed with the Chicago skyline, as shown by the following:

MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO; AT DUSK

Fairy palaces builded
Above the murk and the din,
Of huge blocks cut from the midnight sky
With the stars left in.

THE WRIGLEY TOWER AT NIGHT

A lone, stark eremite, the dull earth spurning,
A lily from the mud, it lifts on high
Its flame tower, as a tall white candle burning
Beneath the blackened rafters of the sky.

And, to conclude, I think this may appeal to you:

THANKSGIVING

Thank God for the trees and the flowers
And the blue, blue sky.
Thank God for the happy hours
And hope that can never die.
Thank God though the way be long,
For joy when the journey ends;
Thank God for the gift of song,
And, O! Thank God for my friends!

With best wishes to you and many thanks for many inspiring moments through the years.

Art O'Callaghan.

* * *

A note from a daytime listener who was passing through Chicago, having just returned from attending a State of the Nation Award dinner for Arleigh Burke at Washington. She was on her way to their actual home in Wisconsin, from their temporary residence in Evanston.

Dear Doctor:

Have heard you only a few times, but this morning after listening to you on WFMF at 10 a.m., I decided not to delay any further my feeling and expression about your most profound messages! They are so definitely persuasive and pervasive!

My family have lived in your neighborhood and I know something of your quiet, generous gestures, such as your friendship with Clifford Lyon, and staying with his fine mind until death. What a comfort it must have been to him to have your presence (which others vicariously enjoy on the air).

Cordially,
Virginia M. Farley (Mrs. J. U.)

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Many thanks for having appeared as guest speaker at the January 16, 1961 luncheon meeting of Advertising Men's Post No. 38, The American Legion.

Whenever you have spoken you have brought a message of great importance to your listeners. Your broad knowledge of world affairs and keen insight to the life of mankind makes me think of you as a man of much wisdom. I am sure this thought is shared by all who have known you. Your guidance, when heeded, can only bring about a greater understanding among mankind and put them on the right track to a peaceful and more tolerant world. Thank you again, on behalf of the members of Ad. Post.

We shall look forward with great anticipation to your next visit.

Very truly yours,
Fred A. Pieroni, Commander.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

1—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning sermon, Peoples Church
Two christenings
2—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Christening
3—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
4—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Opening Book Lecture, 26th year, Peoples Church
5—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Opening lecture, Chicago Public Library
6—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Funeral
Cut 8 records for WCFL
7—Worked in Study
8—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Address, Natl. Brotherhood Rwy. Postal Employes, Palmer House
Chicago Sun. Eve. Forum Address, Peoples Church
9—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
10—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address, Soil Conservation Dinner, Seeger High School, Warren County, Ind.
11—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Cut 7 tapes, WBKB-TV
Luncheon, Union League Club
Book Lecture, Peoples Church
12—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address, Chicago Public Library
Funeral
Reception for Adlai Stevenson, United Nations Ambassador
Address, Nelvin Jones' Birthday, Grand Ballroom, Sherman Hotel
13—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind. (Conservation)
14—Two Weddings
Hospital calls
15—WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Address, Chicago Sun. Eve. Forum
—Ludwig Becker
16—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address, Adv. Men's Post, American Legion
Funeral
Address. Minn. Arrowhead Dinner, St. Clair Hotel
17—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Worked in Study
Address, Auditorium Washington High School, Vinton, Iowa
18—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Book Lecture, Peoples Church
19—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Book Lecture, Chi. Pub. Library
Friends of Literature Dinner, Art Institute.
20—Listened to President's inauguration
21—Worked in Study
22—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Address, Chi. Sun. Eve. Forum
23—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Worked in Study
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
24—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Address, Central Lions Club
Funeral
25—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Cut tapes, WBKB-TV
Book Lecture, Peoples Church
26—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Lecture, Chicago Public Library
Address, Waukegan YMCA
27—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Cut ten records, WFMF-FM
28—Three weddings
29—WLS, WCFL and WEBH-FM
Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Address, Chi. Sun. Eve. Forum
30—WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM
Three funerals
Read "Mr. Trotter" in "Fanny's First Play" for Shaw Society at "Happy Medium" Theatre
31—Worked in Study
WBKB-TV and WFMF-FM

FUNERALS

3—Rev. Paul S. Newey
6—Ludwig Becker
12—C. Hilding Anderson
16—Mrs. Jessie Scherrer
24—Mrs. Alice Slack
30—Mrs. Cora E. Wagner
Mr. Frank Daeges
Mr. Irwin W. Neubauer

WEDDINGS

14—Patricia Leon and Richard Kerwin
Judy Stawiery and Charles Worsham
28—Sharon Twining and Frank Fiori
Bonnie Dexter and Ronald Siems
28—Barbara Carlson and Franklyn MacCormick

CHRISTENINGS

1—David Robert Boe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boe
Lynn June McGill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGill
2—Richard Edgar Matuna, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Matuna
8—Jan Carol Naslund, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Naslund
15—Jeffrey Lynn Grosch
James William Grosch
Timothy Ray Grosch
Michael Lee Grosch
Lawrence Edward Grosch,
Children of
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Grosch

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum, Broadcast by WEBH-FM, 93.9 ..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet ..... 9:45 a.m.
There will be instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. The adult class will be studying Emerson's Essays from now to Easter and visitors are always welcome. Jack E. Kolinen, Superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcement, or call SU 4-5173 ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Mon., Mar. 6, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Chrmn. Guest speaker, Capt. John Patrick Fahey, "Measures for Safeguarding the Home." Guest artist, young Mary Jane Buhman, blind pianist, winner of scholarship from Ninth Dist., I.F.W.C. ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Mar. 20, Mrs. Mark W. Bradway, Chrmn. Mrs. Jane Waer will review "The Nightingale" by Agnes Sligh Turnbull ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. Sunday afternoon Tea. Sunday, March 12th. "Fashions in Hats," by The Juliet Hat Shop, 5244 N. Clark St., in Anderson Hall ..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club: Meets the fourth Tuesday of the month, March 28th. Watch Sunday calendar for announcement ..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course Class: March 7th and 21st, first and third Tuesdays, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday ..... 6:50 a.m.
WFMF, 100.3—Daily ..... 10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
WEBH-FM, 93.9, Sundays, Chicago Evening Forum ..... 7:00 p.m.

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Preston Bradley

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